



SIRENIA

AT SIXES AND SEVENS



SIRENIA

AT SIXES AND SEVENS

- i MERIDIAN 06.29
- ii SISTER NIGHTFALL 05.37
- iii ON THE WANE 06.37
- iv IN A MANICA 06.03
- v AT SIXES AND SEVENS 06.44
- vi LETHARGICA 05.30
- vii MANIC AEON 06.27
- viii A SHADOW OF YOUR OWN SELF 05.55
- ix IN SUMERIAN DAZE 04.39

PRODUCED AND MIXED BY
TERJE REESNES AND MORTEN VELAND

ALL SONGS BY SIRENIA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
© + ℗ 2002 NAPALM RECORDS HANDELS GMBH.



AUSTRO
Mechana

Hammerplatz 2
A-3790 Eisenerz
Austria
P.O. Box 153220
Austin, Texas
78715-3220, USA
NAPALM
RECORDS

MERIDIAN

Daylight adorn her withering lifeforce
with a long lost river
that mend all her woe in it's flow
May I redeem my funereal self
in thy mirror of soul sanctorum
to frame every night a delight

Thou stalk the ground, the sea and the winds around
to haunt me down profound when the night surrounds
Thou stalk the Stygian stream and the riverine
to haunt my hallowed fields and astray dreams

I'm at sixes and sevens
in the shade of thy heavens
No moon, nor sun
Meridian
prevail in my oblivion

Come with me to seek the sun inside
Meridian
This time around we dance
We're chosen ones

Thou stalk as the unseen in visions undreamed
to revel in the deep of life's malignity
Thou stalk my manic mind yon it's horizon
to draw that wanng sun upon Meridian

Thou art eternal darkness
Thou art eternal heresy
Thou art day and night
Thou art the flame inside
I'll make my misery thy saturnine

SISTER NIGHTFALL

Child...every time you come around
you divert my feelings, and bring me further down
Would you like to be
the serpentine whirls of the stream?
Would you like to cope for all your dreams?

Sister Nightfall controlling the lights in me
Though it hurts it feels just like a dream

Come down to linger in heresy
and come down on me with all your serenity
Shivers down the spine
when she comes down the hall
Thy effigy seems frail to be
or was it ever there at all?

Child...every tear that runs adown
will merge and hurt now that winter's all around
Would you like to wear the secrets
of the seven seas?
Would you like to be what you can't be?

Sister Nightfall controlling the lights in me
Though it hurts it feels just like a dream

Come down to linger in the undreamed
and come down on me to cope
for what should have been
Give in on tonight
All heavens on their fall

We failed to find that soul divine
enshrined within us all

She sets her sails for another sea
There's more to life than your eyes reveal
Upon it's scenery.

Sister Nightfall controlling the lights in me
Though it hurts it feels just like a dream
Sister I call out in vain for thee
Though I hurt you, won't you set me free?

ON THE WAN

Do you live a lie?
Are you lost in life?
On the wane tonight
like every night

Do you live a lie?
would you like to try?
In this world of vainly missions
I'm a god of superstition

Would you grant me a savage prison?
within the walls of your decisons
If you hurt me I won't recover
Don't you turn me down

We are all living a lie
would you like to try?
In these halls of time
we are all giving
in for another day
We shall pass away
on the break of day
We're lost anyway

Do you live a lie?
Do you stand me by?
Would you cope for my existance?
Would you last or cease persistance?

I'm the moon and the seventh dreamer
you're the hewn and a lost redeemer
Heavenworks for a welkin at dusk
you're a frail outcast

"Recall the fragments of a broken life
just like a shattered soul divine.
You are the treason-reflecting eyes
You are the darkness that sets in every light"

IN A MANICA

How can you stand there
like a weakening fire
awaiting the final end?
If you consider
still hanging in there
You will wither
in each and in every way

How can you stand it?
Say can you mend it?
Don't you pretend that
the world is a better place?
If you're in denial
life is worth while
You can rely on
there's comfort in exit ways

In a manica the reaper comes around
And the winds they sweep my manic funeral ground
Some deranged and some devour
to haunt me down in my darkest hour
Yet another mind of the Devil's design

When we gather our frail souls beyond all persistence
When we cope for our lives with fantasy
When we cover our eyes and mourn our loss of existance
When we falter, deprived and out of dreams

Do you see there are times
to read in the lines?
And trust me you will find
the things that you know
will hurt you so
You can't deny that anymore

AT SIXES AND SEVENS

In times of strife
you seem to loose it all, and more somehow
No waning life can retrieve it
Can't make the world a better place to thrive
nor can I keep on persisting

You're on the wane in funereal winds
with a thousand winters within
You're life unveil it's weary eyes
Sun sets in somber skies

Your waning desires brought to fire
where your withering life has been mourned
For a thousand years,
where the pain blend with ire
and the night enflames us both

"Walk down a narrow path
Years of decay
Feel life's soul-inflicting hurt once again"

You're dying now
You make it feel somewhat divine
Your lenient eyes somewhat healing
You make it feel the less a strife now
A precious life cease persisting

You're on the wane and eden's hewn
falter still under a funereal moon
Your tears they sweep upon life's shore
until the day you weep no more

LETHARGICA

Lethargic sleepers they close their eyes
Diverted dreamers unfolding their lives
Sleep now sister enfold your fall
You can't take the exile anymore
And like all the others, you're lost tonight

Would you dance entranced in waning fields?
and to falter on through life's mortality
Would you veil your woebegone eyes?
to conceal these wounds that I consider mine

Wither like in autumn
waning yon the veil
You concede the pain is nonpareil
Wither like in your life
waning like your days
I concede your pain is nonpareil

Lethargic sleeper - devote your life
Diverted dreamer - give in on tonight
Wake now sister for times to come
In a run towards the pantheon
And like all the others, you're lost in life

Would you swirl your world into a sea?
far beyond the hurt of life's malignity
Would you cope for the loss in your life?
and to cede the night that sets within your eyes

Cover your eyes to mend the hurt inside
You wither in life like autumn leaves
Infidel divine, you are the reason why I choose this way
to cease my life, you are the treason in us all

MANIC AEON

Stranger...come inside
Read my epitaph, deranged am I?
Estranged one...haunting me
Be my lover, I prthee

Prophecies of death outside
take the moonshine for a ride
Haunting faces and staring eyes
bring my mania into life

Little stranger come inside
Lay to rest what you still writhe
We made a life of it somehow
Seems like we've lost it now

See you dance away
all this bitter pain
See you move in ways
beyond our days
In devotion I linger
And with drained veins
I falter again

See you pass away
in another day
Hear you call my name
yon another veil
In devotion I've lingered

In this world I've belonged
for far too long

Strangers...haunt me down
Stalking faces all around
This strange voice at my door
cede my reason like before

Prophecies of death inside
Cede your words they cut like knives
Somber winds that sweeps within
This manic aeon is bound to be

Little stranger stand me by
If you prevail, then so can I
Lay to rest the hurt you stand
Only through death we'll mend

A SHADOW OF YOUR OWN SELF

Tell me now you sinner
you run for a better world
Tell me why you'd leave her
despite all the hurt
Don't deny that you once tried to mend
the circumstances now out of hand
And don't deny your life's a living hell
you're a shadow of your own self

Tell me now you sinner
still lost in your secret world
Tell me now you've seen her
you know how she hurts
Don't deny that you will understand
the circumstances of pain at hand
And don't assert that we will both survive
'cause I can't take more of life

Stretch your arms out for the fire
for another dark desire
In the fields you burn with loss again
as you dream your life away

Say...would you never walk away
on the break of a coming day
Would you end this line with me

Would you like to waste away
what we've ever been?
Would you like to come along with me?
Would you like to lay to rest our insanity?
Would you like to cope for the unreal?

IN SUMERIAN HAZE

In sumerian haze you search for another day
Guess another vail left you this way
Thoughts on a line where I leave it all behind
Nothing can mend the hurt inside

Sweetened horizons
dance away the pain tonight
Just like you and I

Profoundly deranged
you go through another day
I guess it was meant to be this way
Thoughts on a line won't recover your mind
You cut your veins like I've cut mine

Sweetened horizons
dance away the pain tonight
Just like you and I



AT SIXES AND SEVENS was written, composed & arranged by MORTEN VELAND. Performed by MORTEN VELAND with grand contribution from the following genuine musicians:

FABIENNE GONDAMIN: female vocals
PETE JOHANSEN: violins

KRISTIAN GUNDERSEN: clean vocals
JAN KENNETH BARKVED: clean vocals

+The Sirenian Choir consisting of:
EMILIE LESBROS, JOHANNA GIRAUD,
DAMIEN SURIAN and HUBERT PIAZZOLA

Produced and mixed by TERJE REFSNES and MORTEN VELAND in Sound Suite Studios. During november and december 2001.

Engineered by TERJE "TERRY" REFSNES.

Pre-produced in Stargoth studios at Tau, Norway.

Artwork & Design: TOR SØREIDE DESIGN
Frontcover photo: EMILE ASHLEY
Bandphotos: PETTER HEGRE

Mastered by Mika Jussila at Finnvox Studios, Helsinki, Finland

Sirenia's home on the net: www.sirenia.no

Thanks and hello to the following bands and individuals: Solefald, Haggard, Lars and Borknagar, Siebenbürgen, Trail of Tears, sinners and saints in The Sins of thy Beloved, Antichrisis, Lacrimosa, New Breed, Agenda, TOT, Danny Klupp and Hille Bille for babysitting my drunken and violently wasted soul through four european tours, Marco Mahl, Gabi Winter, Pete and The Scarr-my best wishes, rocker!, Max and Napalm, Anathema, Tiamat, Martin and Cradle of Filth, Moonspell, Wayne Hussey and The Mission, Christofer and Therion, Anne Marie and Baba, Mauritz & co in grand Holland, Rn'G, all the radiostations, magazines and fanzines who supported me throughout my career, all the supportive souls who wrote me over the years – forgive me for not being capable of answering. All your letters are read, and deeply appreciated. You know who you are, no madman needs to tell you. And finally to everyone I forgot, please forgive my ignorance.

Special Thanks to: Rose - for saving me from myself, and for withstanding the complexity of my manic mind, Kizzy "har dokk noe med alkohol i?" Gunder and Hansen "drink, drank, drunk, drove" – my partners in Crime – "Livet e skje bare fest og basar?", Terje Refsnes – for blocking the fridge, and keeping me in shape to perform this album, Fabienne – for lending me your divine voice. Shine on!, The Sirenian Choir, Pete – for your gripping contribution, Cathrine Finnestad and Anette Gulbrandsen - for borrowing me your gifted voices during the pre-production of "At Sixes and Sevens", Elusive – my best wishes for the future, Hail! fellows, Family and true friends – for keeping my head above the water, Stargoth Media, Trond and MFO.